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of the constellation. The ground or sky on which they float is that hazy, silvery blue which marks an Italian sky on an Italian night. The painting is full of imagination. The grouping is well managed. The faces are marked by sweetness and placidity, with the exception of that of the higher Pleiad, who from her more exalted position perceives the loss from the family group. Altogether, it is a highly original and beautiful painting, and we trust that it will create golden opinions for the young artist in America, whither it is shortly to be sent.—*Athenæum*.

PHILIP IV. OF SPAIN.

PAINTING and poetry being the favorite Arts of Philip IV., he did not leave, like his grandfather, any great structure to be the monument of his reign. He had little motive, indeed, for building new palaces, possessing at Madrid and the Pardo, Aranjuez and the Escorial, a choice of residences such as few kings could boast. Nor are his architectural works of such a character as to cause much regret that they were not more numerous and important. The royal church of St. Isidore, once belonging to the Jesuits, and still the most imposing temple in Madrid, affords proof both of the munificence of the monarch and of the decline of architectural taste. He made some additions to the palace of Buen-retiro, a palace built by Olivares, and presented by him to his master; and erected in its pleasant gardens two large pavilions, called the hermitages of St. Anthony and St. Paul, which he adorned with frescoes. Unquestionably the greatest architectural achievement of his reign was the Pantheon, or royal cemetery of the Escorial, planned for Philip III. by the Italian architect Crescensi, and finished, after thirty years' labor for his son.

This splendid subterranean chapel was consecrated with great pomp, on the 15 of March, 1654, in the presence of the king and his court; when the bodies of Charles V., his son, and grandson, and the queens who had continued the royal race, were carried down the stately stairs of jasper, and were reverently laid, each in its sumptuous urn; a Jeronymite friar pronouncing an eloquent funeral sermon, on a text from Ezekiel,—‘Oh, ye dry bones, hear the word of the Lord.’ Hither Philip IV. was wont to come, when melancholy—the fatal taint of his blood—was strong upon him, to hear mass and meditate on death, sitting in the niche which was shortly to receive his bones.

To acquire works of Art was the chief pleasure of Philip, and it was the only business in which he displayed earnestness and constancy. Rich as were the galleries of Philip II., his grandson must, at the least, have doubled the number and value of their contents. His viceroys and ambassadors, besides their daily duties of fiscal extortion and diplomatic intrigue, were required to buy up, at any price, all fine works of Art that came into the market. He likewise employed agents of inferior rank, and more trustworthy taste, of whom Velazquez was one, to travel abroad for the same purpose, to cull the fairest flowers of the modern studios, and to procure good copies of those ancient pictures and statues which money could not purchase. The gold of Mexico and Peru was freely bartered for the artistic treasures of Italy and Flanders. The king of Spain was a collector with whom it was in vain to compete, and in the prices which he paid for the gems of painting and sculpture, if in nothing else, he was in advance of his age. From a convent at Palermo, he bought, for an annual pension of 1000 crowns, Rafael's famous picture of our Lord going to Calvary, known as the ‘Spasimo,’ which he named his ‘Jewel.’ His ambassador to the English Commonwealth, Don Alonso de Cardenas, was the principal buyer at the sale at Whitehall, when the noble gallery of

Charles I. was dispersed by the Protector. There Philip, for the sum of 2000*l*. became possessed of that lovely ‘Holy Family,’ Rafael's most exquisitely finished work, once the pride of Mantua, which he fondly called his ‘Pearl,’ a graceful name, which may, perhaps, survive the picture. To him the Escorial likewise owed Rafael's heavenly ‘Virgin of the Fish,’ carried, with the ‘Spasimo’ and the ‘Pearl,’ to Paris, by Napoleon; but happily restored to the queen of Spain's gallery; and the charming ‘Madonna of the Tent,’ bought from the spoilers in 1813, for 5000*l*., by the king of Bavaria, and now the glory and the model of Munich. He also enriched his collection with many fine Venetian pictures, amongst which was ‘Adonis asleep on the lap of Venus,’ the master-piece of Paul Veronese, a gem of the royal gallery of Spain, where it rivals the Venus and Adonis of Titian in magical effect and voluptuous beauty. Of the rich compositions of Domenichino, the soft virgins of Guido and Guercino, the Italian nymphs of Albano, the classical landscapes of ‘learned Poussin,’ Salvator Rosa's brown solitudes or sparkling sea-ports, and Claude Lorraine's glorious dreams of Elysian earth and ocean—his walls were adorned with excellent specimens, fresh from the studio; and also of the works of Rubens, Vandyck, Jordaens, Snyders, Crayers, Teniers, and the other able artists who flourished in that age in Flanders. The grandees and nobles, like the English lords of Charles I., knowing the predilections of their master, frequently showed their loyalty and taste, by presenting him with pictures and statues. Thus the gay and gallant duke of Medina de las Torres—better known to the world as the marquis of Toral, in *Gil Blas*—gave Correggio's ‘Christ appearing to Mary Magdalene after his Resurrection,’ the ‘Presentation of Our Lord in the Temple,’ by Paul Veronese, and the ‘Virgin's flight into Egypt,’ by Titian; Don Luis de Haro, Titian's ‘Repose of the Virgin,’ an ‘Ecce Homo,’ by Paul Veronese, and ‘Christ at the column,’ by Cambiaso; and the admiral of Castile, ‘St. Margaret restoring a boy to life,’ by Caravaggio.

Philip IV. was no less fond of sculpture than of painting. It is said that the coachman who drove him about Madrid, had general orders to slacken his pace whenever the royal carriage passed the hospice belonging to the Paular Carthusians, in the street of Alcalá, that his master might have leisure to admire the fine stone effigy of St. Bruno, executed by Pereyra, which occupied a niche over the portal. He formed a large collection of antique statuary, and of copies, in marble, bronze, and plaster, of the most famous works of sculpture in Italy, of which no less than three hundred pieces were bought by Velazquez, or executed under his eye, and brought to Spain in 1653, by the count of Oñate, returning from his viceroyalty at Naples. Of these, the greater part were placed in the Alcazar of Madrid, in an octagon hall, designed by Velazquez, the northern gallery, and the grand staircase; and some were sent to adorn the alleys and parterres of the gardens of Aranjuez.

Philip IV. is one of those potentates who was more fortunate in his painters than his biographers, and whose face is, therefore, better known than his history. His pale Flemish complexion, fair hair, heavy lip, and sleepy, grey eyes—his long curled mustaches, dark dress, and collar of the golden fleece—have been made familiar to all the world by the pencils of Rubens and Velazquez. Charles I., with his melancholy brow, pointed beard, and jewelled star, as painted by Vandyck, is not better known to the frequenters of galleries; nor the pompous benign countenance of Louis XIV., shining forth from a wilderness of wig, amongst the sicken braveries which delighted Mignard, or Rigaud, or on his prancing pied charger, like a holiday soldier as he was, in the foreground of some

pageant battle, by Vandermeulen. Fond as were these monarchs of perpetuating themselves on canvas, they have not been so frequently or so variously portrayed as their Spanish contemporary. Armed and mounted on his sprightly Andalusian, glittering in crimson and gold gala, clad in black velvet for the council, or in russet and buff for the boar-hunt—under all these different aspects did Philip submit himself to the quick eye and cunning hand of Velazquez. And not content with multiplications of his own likeness in these ordinary attitudes and employments, he caused the same great artist to paint him at prayers,—

“To take him in the purging of his soul,”

as he knelt amongst the embroidered cushions of his oratory. In all these various portraits we find the same cold, phlegmatic expression, which gives his face the appearance of a mask, and agrees so well with the pen and ink sketches of contemporary writers, who celebrate his talents for dead silence and marble immobility, talents hereditary indeed in his house, but in his case, so highly improved, that he could sit out a comedy without stirring hand or foot, and conduct an audience without movement of a muscle, except those in his lips and tongue. He rode his horse, handled his gun, quaffed his sober cups of cinnamon-water, and performed his devotions with an unchangeable solemnity of mien, that might have become him in pronouncing, or receiving, sentence of death.

A remarkable proof of his imperturbability occurred at a famous entertainment given to him, in 1631, by Olivares, when, in honor of the birthday of the heir apparent, that magnificent favorite renewed in the bull-ring of Spain the sports of ancient Rome. A lion, a tiger, a bear, a camel, in fact a specimen of every procurable wild animal, or as Quevedo expressed it in a poetical account of the spectacle, ‘the whole ark of Noah, and all the fables of Æsop,’ were turned loose into the spacious Plaza del Parque, to fight for the mastery of the arena. To the great delight of his Castilian countrymen, a bull of Xarama vanquished all his antagonists. ‘The bull of Marathon, which ravaged the country of Tetrapolis,’ says the historian of the day, ‘was not more valiant; nor did Theseus, who slew and sacrificed him, gain greater glory than did our most potent sovereign. Unwilling that a beast which had behaved so bravely should go unrewarded, his majesty determined to do him the greatest favor that the animal himself could have possibly desired, had he been gifted with reason, to wit, to slay him with his own royal hand.’ Calling for his fowling-piece, he brought it instantly to his shoulder; and the flash and report were scarcely seen and heard ere the mighty monster lay a bleeding corpse before the transported lieges. ‘Yet not for a moment,’ continues the chronicler, ‘did his majesty lose his wonted serenity, his composure of countenance, and becoming gravity of aspect; and but for the presence of so great concourse of witnesses, it is difficult to believe that he had really fired the noble and successful shot.’

Born on Good Friday, he was supposed to possess a kind of second sight, popularly attributed in Spain to persons born on that day, the power of seeing the body of the murdered person wherever a murder had been committed; and his habit of looking up into the air was believed to proceed from a natural desire to avoid a spectacle so disagreeable, and so likely to offer itself in a country where violence was not uncommon.

To maintain a grave and majestic demeanor in public was, in his opinion, one of the most sacred duties of a sovereign; he was never known to smile but three times in his life; and it was doubtless his desire to go down to posterity as a model of regal deportment. Yet this stately Austrian, whose outward man seems

the very personification of etiquette, possessed a rich vein of humor, which, on fitting occasions, he indulged with Cervantes' serious air; 'he was full of merry discourse, when and where his lined robe of Spanish and royal gravity was laid aside;' he trod the primrose paths of dalliance, acted in private theatricals, and banded pleasantries with Calderon himself. Although he was not remarkable for beauty of feature, his figure was tall and well turned: and he was, on the whole, better entitled to be called Phillip the Handsome, than Philip the Great—the style which Olivares absurdly persuaded him to assume. When at Lisbon, in his early youth, as prince of Asturias, he stood forth in a dress of white satin and gold, to receive the oath of allegiance from the cortes of Portugal, he was one of the most splendid figures of that idle pageant. Nor was he deficient in the softer graces; for his second queen, Mariana of Austria, fell in love, it is said, with his portrait in the Imperial palace, at Vienna, and early vowed that she would marry no one but her cousin with the blue feather.—*Velazquez and his Works.*

THE GONDOLIER'S CRY.

Most persons are now well acquainted with the general aspect of the Venetian gondola, but few have taken the pains to understand the cries of warning uttered by its boatmen, although those cries are peculiarly characteristic, and very impressive to a stranger, and have been even very sweetly introduced in poetry by Mr. Monckton Milnes. It may, perhaps, be interesting to the traveller in Venice to know the general method of management of the boat to which he owes so many happy hours.

The gondola is, in general, rowed only by one man standing at the stern; those of the upper classes having two or more boatmen, for greater speed and magnificence. In order to raise the oar sufficiently, it rests, not on the side of the boat, but on a piece of crooked timber like the branch of a tree, rising about a foot from the boat's side, and called a "forcola." The forcola is of different forms, according to the size and uses of the boat, and is always somewhat complicated in its parts and curvature, allowing the oar various kinds of rests and catches on both its sides, but perfectly free play in all cases, as the management of the boat depends on the gondoliers being able in an instant to place his oar in any position.

The forcola is set on the right hand side of the boat, some six feet from the stern: the gondolier stands on a little flat platform or deck behind it, and throws nearly the entire weight of his body upon the forward stroke. The effect of the stroke would be naturally to turn the boat's head round to the left, as well as to send it forward; but this tendency is corrected by keeping the blade of the oar under the water on the return stroke, and raising it gradually as a full spoon is raised out of any liquid, so that the blade emerges from the water only an instant before it again plunges.

A downward and lateral pressure upon the forcola is thus obtained, which entirely counteracts the tendency given by the forward stroke; and the effort, after a little practice, becomes hardly conscious, though, as it adds some labor to the back stroke, rowing a gondola at speed is hard and breathless work, though it appears easy and graceful to the lookers-on. If, then, the gondola is to be turned to the left, the forward impulse is given without the return stroke; if it is to be turned to the right, the plunged oar is brought forcibly up to the surface; in either case, a single strong stroke being enough to turn the light and flat-bottomed boat. But as it has no keel, when the turn is made sharply, as out of one canal into another very narrow one, the impetus of the

boat in its former direction gives it an enormous leeway, and it drifts laterally up against the wall of the canal, and that so forcibly, that if it has turned at speed, no gondolier can arrest the motion merely by strength, or rapidity of stroke of oar; but it is checked by a strong thrust of the foot against the wall itself, the head of the boat being, of course, turned for the moment almost completely round to the opposite wall, and greater exertion made to give it, as quickly as possible, impulse in the new direction. The boat being thus guided, the cry, "Premi," is the order from one gondolier to another, that he should "press," or thrust forward his oar without the back stroke, so as to send his boat's head round to the left; and the cry, "Stali," is the order that he should give the return or upward stroke, which sends the boat's head round to the right. Hence, if two gondoliers meet under any circumstances which render it a matter of question on which side they should pass each other, the gondolier who has at the moment the least power over his boat, cries to the other, "Premi," if he wishes the boats to pass with their right-hand sides to each other, and "Stali," if with their left. Now, in turning a corner, there is of course risk of collision between the boats coming from opposite sides, and warning is always clearly and loudly given on approaching the angle of the canals. It is, of course, presumed that the boat which gives the warning will be nearer the turn than the one which receives and answers it; and therefore will not have so much time to check itself, or alter its course. Hence the advantage of the turn, that is, the outside, which allows the fullest swing, and greatest room, for lee-way, is always yielded to the boat which gives warning. Therefore, if the warning boat is going to turn to the right, as it is to have the outside position, it will keep its own right hand side to the boat which it meets, and the cry of warning is, therefore, "Premi," twice given; first, as soon as it can be heard round the angle, prolonged and loud, with the accent on the e, and another strongly accented e added, a kind of question, "Premi-é," followed, at the instant of turning, with "Ah, Premi," with the accent sharp on the final i. If, on the other hand, the warning boat is going to turn to the left, it will pass with its left hand side to the one it meets; and the warning cry is, "Stali-é, ah, Stali." Hence the confused idea in the mind of the traveller that Stali means "to the left," and "Premi" to the right; while they mean, in reality, the direct reverse: the Stali, for instance, being the order to the unseen gondolier who may be behind the corner, coming from the left hand side, that he should hold as much as possible to his own right; this being the only safe order for him, whether he is going to turn the corner himself, or to go straight on; for, as the warning gondola will always swing right across the canal in turning, a collision with it is only to be avoided by keeping well within it, and close up to the corner which it turns. There are several other cries necessary in the management of the gondola, but less frequently, so that the reader will hardly care for their interpretation; except only the "Sciar," which is the order to the opposite gondolier to stop the boat as suddenly as possible, by slipping his oar in front of the forcola. The cry is never heard, except when the boatmen have got into some unexpected position, involving a risk of collision; but the action is seen constantly, when the gondola is rowed by two or more men (for, if performed by the single gondolier, it only swings the boat's head sharp round to the right), in bringing up at a landing place, especially when there is any intent of display, the boat being first urged to its full speed, and then stopped with as much foam about the oar blades as possible, the effect being much like that of stopping a horse at speed by pulling him off his haunches.—*Stones of Venice.*

THE ELGIN SALOON.—Here, then, I beheld, face to face, those monuments which came from the workshop, and many from the hand, of Phidias himself, which the ancients themselves so highly extolled; of which Plutarch says, that in beauty and grace they were imitable. The thought that the greatest and most accomplished men of antiquity, Pericles, Sophocles, Socrates, Plato, Alexander the Great, and Cæsar, had contemplated these works with admiration, gave them a new charm in my eyes, and heightened the enthusiastic feeling with which I was penetrated. For a time, indeed, these feelings were interrupted by those of indignation, at the thought that the present deplorable state of mutilation of these costly relics was not caused by time alone, but still more by the barbarism of men. Humanity, in the aggregate, may be likened to a richly-endowed individual, whose spirit is for a time darkened by imbecility or madness, so that he suffers his most beautiful work to perish, or even destroys them with his own unholy arm, till at length, recovering his consciousness, he endeavors, with bitter repentance, to collect together the desecrated fragments, and exerts himself with zeal, but alas, in vain, to recall to his soul their former image in all its original loveliness.

I never, perhaps, found so great a difference between a plaster cast and the actual sculpture as in these Elgin marbles. The Pentelic marble of which they are formed has a warm yellowish tone, and a very fine, and, at the same time, a clear grain, which has imparted to these sculptures a peculiar solidity and animation. The block, for instance, of which the famous horse's head consists, has absolutely a bony appearance, and its sharp flat treatment has a charm of which the plaster cast gives no notion. It gives the impression of being the petrified original horse that issued from the hand of the god, from which all real horses have more or less degenerated, and is a most splendid justification of the reputation which Phidias enjoyed among the ancients as a sculptor of this animal.

Of the four metopes from Selinonte, discovered and presented by Mr. Angell, the Hercules with the Ceropes, and the Perseus with the Medusa head, from the centre temple of the citadel, display in the overpowering awkwardness of their positions—the head and upper part of the person being seen in front, the legs in profile—in the broad and short proportions, square type of head and general coarse treatment, such a low stage of Art, that a later period can hardly be assigned to them than about 580 years before Christ; they may even belong to a still earlier period. These reliefs, however, are interesting in three respects—firstly, because they show how barbarous, even in a people more richly gifted than any other in artistic perceptions, were the beginnings of Art, and what efforts of centuries were requisite to expand the conception of the Medusa head from the form in which we here see it, to the full beauty of the Rondanini Medusa in the Glyptothek at Munich; secondly, because we perceive how far the development of sculpture, even among the Dorians, was behind that of architecture; and, thirdly, because in spite of their rudeness, they already show, by the equality of projection, and in general treatment, a thorough correct feeling for executive plastic Art.—*Dr. Waagen.*

DR. GRIESLER has discovered a thing useful to all artists. A few drops of spirits of ether will, he has found, when mixed with rancid oil, restore its freshness.—*Athenæum.*

THE old Barefooted Monks' Convent at Nuremberg is about to disappear before the hand of modern improvement.—*Athenæum.*